THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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Mr. Easy,

IN a country where literary pursuits, and literary eminence, are so rare as to excite the astonishment of almost every traveller from abroad; it is not very surprising to see such an incoherent rhapsody presented to the public, as the friend of your correspondent B. offers. Where Avarice, in all his various forms, accompanied with perfect inattention to every art of acquirement but one, meets us so generally at every corner, "in the high ways, and in the market place," I can scarcely conceive, that Mr. Easy could have selected a more popular or delightful theme, upon which to dwell. What with the mad doctrines of a Godwin and a Paine, and the exertions of others to exalt the mob at the expence of science and knowledge, it may safely be presumed, that we are in a very fair way, and progressing rapidly, to attain that national bathos of character which will enable us to arrive at the true perfectibily.

This writer tells us in very plain terms, that an attempt to gain knowledge by the only means by which it ever was gained, is pernicious and destructive of the powers of observation and reflection, all strength of understanding and ardour of genius. He calls the student a grovelling animal, and speaks of study only as servility.—This is certainly very curious doctrine; not less curious than amusing; and I imagine, Mr. Editor, he had in view some exercise of our risible faculties, in publishing it by way of compensating for that saint-like gravity your introductory essays have so ably preserved. Rejoice then! all ye dunces! your tender faculties shall be no more strained by useless application. If Nature meant ye should be any thing but dunces and idiots, she would infallibly have given you genius, which precludes all necessity of study. If you attempt to gain ideas any other way than by intuition or inspiration, you will only imitate "the sentiments of others;" and so far from gaining any advantage, or securing any merit, your minds will soon lose all desire of exertion, and sink into a torpid state of helplessness and dependence—They will become passive, slavish and inactive.

Godwin's *Man of Genius* is also a very curious personage. He performs a vast deal whilst he is going between Hyde Park corner and Temple bar; he cuts all kind of capers; he looks all about him; reasons within himself; calculates, and God knows what else: (as I have not the book by me) whilst the man of no genius goes strait forward. But this man of genius, strange as he is, is a man of learning and education: Mr. Godwin advocates a knowledge of the classics, which I apprehend cannot be acquired any other way than by studying them.

The fact is, the writer of this piece has started with a false proposition: it is no wonder then if all that follows is of little consequence. He has thought proper however to quote a venerable student, who received no injury that we know of from his laborious acquirements. He confounds an imitation of the manner and style of one author, with the information to be derived from the study of various authors; and supposes that because the one is servile, and betrays want of genius, the other must be so too. The word "*sentiments*" of various authors has produced this chaos and confusion; it does not follow that when we read the sentiments of authors, we imitate them in the strict sense of the word—that would be plagiarism. The study of authors implies no such thing; and this it is, which has bewildered the ideas of our advocate for no study.

After the foregoing has been read, the reader will be started at this writer's saying, that "the natural weakness,

of our understandings, and the variety of acquirements to be made, render it however necessary that we should improve ourselves by the labour of others;" that is by the *sentiments* of others. Why this contradiction? Why is the utility of study acknowledged and denied in the same essay? What is it then that the writer really means to prove, or to say?

He says "no man ever became great by study," and "we seldom see genius stoop to the servility of study," and "that the disadvantages of study are fully illustrated in the observation, that the hardest students have seldomest brightly shone in literature." Now I humbly think the very reverse of all these propositions. The quotation of authors to establish the latter of them, is by no means a fortunate one; for I conceive they were every one close students, except, perhaps, Bolingbroke; and he is not a litttle ambitious to display the stock of learning he had acquired. Besides, if these are meant to be cited as of the greatest genius with or without close study, a very unlucky choice is made. If Hume chose to be original (and, according to this person, of course a great man) it was to very little purpose, for he certainly "amplified and created" in a manner that gained no great degree of credit; as the erudite labour of another profound student, as well as man of genius, Dr. Beattie, has well evinced.

We are told of Swift, that whilst he lived with Sir Wm. Temple, he studied so constantly every day for several years, that he imposed the task upon himself of running up a hill daily for the preservation of his health.—From the days of Milton downwards, those of the greatest genius produced by Great Britain, were profound and indefatigable students. In short, it would be a very puzzling and difficult matter to quote any thing purely correct, and of established fame, that was the production of an unlettered composer, like Burns and Bloomfield.

It was very far, Mr. Editor, from my intention to notice this essay, or whatever you please to call it, particularly. It appeared evidently the crude production of one who had not digested his subject; but as I perceive it has attracted the attention of a country subscriber, I thought it would not be amiss to disclaim the opinions of your correspondent, in town, and at least contribute something to fill a column or two in your Miscellany.

A STUDENT.

Mr. Easy,

At the commencement of your second volume, when the Genius of Literature seems to be making a bold, and, I hope, successful attempt, to rally round her elegant standard, the little but patriotic band, known to inhabit Baltimore; no true friend to the character and fame of this city, who feels conscious of ability to assist in snatching her name from the disgraceful history of ignorance and barbarism, but must read with pleasure your second number of volume II. The disinterested zeal, evinced in the timely address of a true "*Friend to the Companion,*" couched in the nervous language of several essays, well known and as much admired by the readers of your paper, gives to us of the minor class, good reason to hope, that we have not yet lost our ablest leaders. First on the list of literary contributors, this writer may assume new signatures; but his style, his manner, and his zeal, like the fixed integrity of the independent man, points out the true, unvarying patriot.—Whoever this writer may be, the citizens are obliged by his exertions—and the common cause depends much for success on the erudition and persevering energy of such masters.

As one writer is, and (in the true American style) "of right ought to be," unknown to every other; this cannot be termed impertinent flattery. Besides I have the generous example before me of him to whom I tender my respects, in the delicate encomium on "Crazy Harry," fruit of the muse of his worthy contemporary.

Such an air of consequence may sit rather awkwardly upon the flaxen head of a junior author; but a consciousness of just intention, emboldens me to deliver my opinion, that were Indolence to loose her hold of them, and Silence to unseal their lips, the members of a (now) "Nominal Club" might so arrange matters, as that the complainers against you would be easily silenced.

Reproached by the erudite sons of the transatlantic world, shall we, as "Maryland" says, lie listless on our arms, and dread the combat? No, Mr. Easy, I do not believe that "every thing done at home, is ill done."—The address from "A Friend to the Companion," the essay signed "Sidney," both in your last number, prove, there is spirit, and skill too, even in this state.

I have a liking for this Sidney. There is somewhat of nobleness in thus standing forward to defend his youthful country, from the unkind attempt to strangle her, made by the huge Philosophers of the Old World. And as the author of "Notes on Virginia" has successfully combatted one of the bold assertions of a great Naturalist*,

* An unaccountable prejudice will sometimes bias the strongest judgment. M. Buffon, as my friend "Sidney" remarks, has said, that on this side the Atlantic, the powers of the human mind degenerate: the same author asserted, without

we are at liberty to hope, that the increasing fondness of our countrymen for intellectual enjoyment, will be productive of data to exhibit against the other and most material charge.

It is chiefly to be lamented, that the desire of being instructed is not accompanied by an equal willingness to instruct. The citizens of Baltimore, indulging in a species of diffidence which prevents their imparting what they really know, cause foreigners to conclude, they know it not. For although there is a polished literary circle here, whose conversations have delighted and informed the writer of this, when the company was select and limited; yet a characteristic reserve in the company of strangers, and an apparently fixed determination, *not to write*, has very naturally made this erroneous impression on the minds of those not admitted on terms of intimacy,

Fielding has satisfactorily proved, in his well written discourse on the subject, that the chief pleasure of men, in a refined state of social intercourse, is to be derived from *conversation*. In admitting this, so far from arguing against the utility of literary works, it may be adduced to prove the indispensable necessity of those favoured with superior intelligence, wit, and erudition, to enlighten, by their written essays, those with whom they spend the most agreeable part of their time; in order that such a state of society may be preserved, as may conduce to the happiness of that distinguished portion of mankind, who are susceptible of the highest pleasure enjoyed by cultivated understandings.

Thus, I am persuaded, self-love, which, abstracted from every other consideration, is sufficient to move the most careless amongst us, urges the necessity of supporting the Companion. For by maintaining its respectability, in a literary point of view, we create and perpetuate a mean of lasting ejoyment for ourselves, and nobly pave the way, for an highly intellectual posterity;—whose shining talents and exalted genius may redound to the immortal honour of their meritorious ancestors.

Rise, spirit of Columbia—extend thy enlivening influence to the many dormant souls now useless through the land, and teach Americans the way to profit by their peculiar good fortune.

Placed at a happy distance from the wrangling nations of the eastern world, we may conveniently obtain, and enjoy in peace, whatever is necessary or conducive to the happiness of a wise people. How shameful then, to neglect the improvement of the mind, the only real advantage gained by man in his journey to civilization.—Doubly shameful would it be, for the citizens of Baltimore, the eligible seat for learning and for trade, to profit nothing by their central situation.

As it is an *easy* matter to retain what we once have possession of; I cannot suppose that your friends, and those friendly to the character of the city, will witness with indifference the success of the only literary work amongst them. They will rather heartily unite in the honourable employment of providing food for their entertaining Companion.

NOVICE.

the shadow of a proof, that the quadrupeds of America were inferior to those of Europe. The illiberal prejudice, which alone gave rise to the latter calumny, has been properly exposed by the philosophical author of the "*Notes on Virginia*," in his comparison of the Cisatlantic with the Transatlantic animals, in that admired work. And there can be no good reason for a doubt, but that as time and national prosperity afford suitable opportunity for experiment, the science displayed by America may compare to advantage with that of any other quarter of the globe. Have we forgotten the philosophy of Franklin and Rittenhouse---the patriotism of Hancock and Washington---the learning of Wilson and Dickinson...the eloquence of Henry and Hamilton?...Who gave a West to the Royal Academy of Arts in Britain?

Were it possible to crowd into the small compass of a note in a weekly paper, a biography of the bright constellation, which has already risen, amongst the mountains and forests of America; yet it were needless here. Americans have this information; and this small portion of the union will, I trust, prove to you, Mr. Easy, that they can profit by these examples.

A DIALOGUE

On Education, pronounced at a late public distribution of prizes to the pupils of St. Mary's College, in this city.

(Continued from page 14.)

1st. To shew you what a delicate task I have undertaken to perform, I shall begin with candour, by laying down a position, extremely harsh, which my heart rejects, at the same time, that reflection convinces me of its truth. It is, that our parents, precisely because they do love us with tenderness, are therefore least capable, of rendering us the most important of all services, that of fortifying our minds against a thousand bad habits, which we are liable to contract, under their inspection, and without their knowledge.

3d. Ah! there indeed Sir, I agree with you—It is a harsh truth, if however it be one; I expect your proof.

1st. I shall give it so much the more willingly, as it will serve both to explain my ideas, and reconcile that warmth of filial piety, which I actually feel, with a language, that might induce some of my hearers, to tax me

with a complexion of character, materially different.—Observe well: it is from the goodness of their hearts, the excess of their affection, that I infer the necessity of devolving the care of our education on strangers. Childhood, however innocent, has its share of dissimulation, its petty artifices, which too easily elude the search of an eye blinded by tenderness. The evil steals imperceptibly on the heart, and takes root, unheeded by the parent, whose discernment is dimmed by his prepossessions. Under the most seductive appearances an artificial character is thus formed, which timidity may at first serve to conceal, but which, when it one day bursts forth, must occasion much pungent sorrow and unavailing repentance, to a credulous father. Terence has made this remark, no less than two thousand years ago, in his Andria, and as his comedies are intended to represent the manners of his age, we may conclude, that the credulity of parents is not a matter of recent discovery.

2d. But do you believe, that public teachers are not also liable to be deceived. If they flatter themselves with such an exemption, they err most egregiously. However alert, or clear sighted, we never want means to elude both their penetration and their vigilance.

1st. I do not deny it. But, in one respect, they must enjoy an eminent advantage:—their vision is not obscured by that veil, which nature seems to delight in drawing over the eyes of a parent. Their pupils stand in the light of an adopted family, among whom they are to divide their cares. To govern so great a diversity of characters they are compelled to make them their particular study: and in the performance of this duty the experience which they derive from their profession, must prove an important auxiliary.

It is indeed true, that our parents, whose observation is circumscribed within the limits of their domestic circle, because they feel little or no interest in any thing beyond those limits, can rarely, attain the degree of experience, requisite to discover or check the growth of the passions. Thus, besides those strong prepossessions, which natural affection creates in favour of their children, they have to contend with a still more formidable obstacle. Their inexperience lulls them into a dangerous security; and seeds of corruption, the very existence of which they do not suspect, are suffered to germinate in rank luxuriance.—But in a college, the attention of the professor is always on the watch, to seize the first symptoms of the intellectual malady, and to apply an immediate antidote. The multitude of pupils, who successively engross his care, form, in some manner, a rapid succession of generations, which supply an attentive observer, with important aids, for the study of the human heart, through the first stages of its progress. If it were proper to compare small things with great, I would say, that the numerous train of pupils, committed to his supervision, assimilates his experience, to that of Nestor, whose wisdom, the fruit of his extraordinary age, rendered him the oracle of the Greeks.

3d. A magnificent comparison indeed. You did well to pave the way for it by an oratorical precaution, and I doubt much, whether that will shield it from a smile. We scarcely expected to see you ascend to the siege of Troy, to demonstrate the wisdom of confining us in a college.

But this leads me to speak of a defect, usually contracted at schools, and into which the best understandings sometimes fall. I allude to an affectation of knowledge, the offspring of a puerile vanity, with which we never should be infected, if, instead of coming to prosecute our studies here we were to continue, in modest seclusion, at home. In a community of young men, dedicated to various branches of study, every individual labours to establish the superior excellence of his favourite pursuits, and the paramount utility of his acquisitions. The mathematician, the most inflated, because he is the most unintelligible, incessantly vaunts the mysterious properties of the alphabet, while *we*, not being irradiated with a single beam of this cabalistic light, only know them as the representative of sounds and the constituents of words. The dialectician, entrenched in the subtlety of logic, delights in employing his sophisms, to perplex and confound his associates. The rhetorician, incapable of producing any thing original, decks himself in the borrowed plumes of the orator and the poet, in order to impose upon vulgar stupidity. The grammarian, armed like the porcupine, at all points, with Latin and Greek, finds ample matter for self-complacency, in the range of his erudition, and the profundity of his researches. The sole competition appears to be, who shall most ostentatiously display his learning. Would it not be well, to snatch a boy from the contagion of this ridiculous pedantry, even at the hazard of his remaining in ignorance?

1st. If this defect were necessarily inherent, or peculiar, to our plan of education, we should no longer disagree. But the case is diametrically the reverse—I mean, that a collegiate education, is the best preservative against pedantry, and if at all to be apprehended, it is particularly so, in a course of domestic instruction. The defect you mention, is one of the errors of self-love,

which leads us, in particular circumstances, to arrogate more than our due proportion of merit. Nothing so much contributes to foster this disposition, as praise unmeritedly bestowed. Under this point of view, a child cannot be more inauspiciously placed, than in the midst of his family, where every ear is open to receive his absurdities, and every mouth prepared to proclaim them the sallies of early wit. How can *he* believe himself any other than a superior intelligence, who is incessantly feasted with the voice of his own praise.

But flattery is not the evil of a college. His professors are rarely prodigal of applause, his fellow students still less prodigal. So far from finding both prepossessed in his favour, from the first, he receives only that share of commendation, which is necessary to assist the imbecility of his efforts; by the latter, every indication of pride is quickly detected, and severely reproved—Woe to him, who appears too well satisfied with his own talents; ridicule and sarcasm would soon supply both a corrective and punishment, for his self-sufficiency.

2d. Witness the manner in which my erudite simile was just now welcomed—I shall not, I think, soon again recur to Homer, for an example to illustrate my opinions.

3d. I trust however, that my merriment has not given offence. I would not have indulged it, but that I wished for an opportunity, of introducing my observations on a defect, which certainly can never be objected to you. I did not suppose, that you could deem it an abuse of that free, but decorous intercourse which subsists between us. It would not surely be before an assembly like this, that I could forget the deference due even to friends.

2d. Be easy on that head. If our hearers should imbibe a different impression, I would myself be the first to undeceive them—I only view it as a little malicious pleasantry, thrown out to enliven the intrinsic dullness of this discussion—I shall take no other revenge, than a retort when an opportunity offers. I shall also avail myself of an expression you have employed, to suggest another defect, generally ascribed to public education.

I speak of a certain churlishness of temper, which is eternally carping at every word you utter, however insignificant. There exists not in society, a being more vexatious, than one of these unmerciful critics before whom it is impossible to converse, without being called upon, at every moment, to justify a thought or an expression. Their observations consist for the most part of miserable cavils, and when just, they are rarely of any positive utility, and still more rarely, of that importance, which these gentlemen attach to them. The animation of their manner in such contests, might lead you to suppose, that the public weal was at stake. But no—The subject is some small inaccuracy of phrase; some loose remark capable of a sinister interpretation, and which they never fail to construe in the worst sense; some negligent periods susceptible of a more musical cadence; and a thousand other nothings equally important. Woe to you, if you have the presumption to doubt; you are then entangled in a dispute, from which there is no deliverance, but by flight or submission.

But it is in schools that these rigid Aristarchuses are said to be formed, who, on their entrance into the world, assume the character of instructors, and become the tyrants, of society. It is well worth the trouble of harrassing a youth for so long a time merely to render him the torment of his elders.

1st. This fondness for dispute is so nearly allied to the species of pedantry of which we have just before spoken, that it has the same origin and progress. To shew, therefore, that it cannot be justly attributed to public education, it will be sufficient to contrast the effects of the latter, with those of the opposite system.

It is not the habit of disputation, but an inclination to dogmatize, which engenders and nourishes that fastidious temper you have just pourtrayed in such ridiculous colours. But where is a boy more liable to contract this dictatorial habit, than in the midst of his family, which he governs without opposition or controul. Surrounded by parents who idolize, and servants who fear him, he sees on every side none but the slaves of his caprice. Every thing bends before him. The slightest inclination of his will is received as an irreversible law. Not only, is no obstacle opposed to his wishes, but they are anxiously divined and studiously anticipated. His opinions, however absurd, are never to be controverted—because his temper might be soured by irritation. He, therefore, never disputes, but it is for the want of an antagonist. The capriciousness of his taste affords the best proof of his perversity—Attempt to refuse what he asks, his tears and his shrieks soon force you to compliance. Grant his request, and he no longer cares for what he before sought, with so much eagerness and passion. His object is to make you feel his superiority. He loosens his grasp, when resistance ceases. Remove him at a proper age, from the bosom of his family into the world, and you will there find him characterized by the same traits—equally capricious, overweening and intractable.

3d. But is this portrait correct: it appears to me, that

I have seen many persons, reared by the hand of a parent, to whom it bears no resemblance.

1st. There are exceptions without doubt; because there are minds, so happily born, as to escape the mischiefs usually consequent on a bad education. But I speak of what must, and does actually happen, to such, as are not thus privileged by nature; and I assert, that domestic instruction is no less calculated to produce, than public education to reform such a character.

2d. Let us see, then, how you will establish your last position, and shew, that the continual practice of disputation, renders us less disputatious. You will have to contend against experience in the first place—You know of many persons, who can never overcome this propensity to vindicate preconceived opinions, however absurd or paradoxical. *(To be continued.)*

The following ingenious and classical piece of humour is copied from the Virginia Gazette.

BEEF STEAK AND OYSTERS.

What signifies all the dispute respecting the question of superiority in the ancients or moderns?....*Sir William Temple* and *Doctor Bently* and *Doctor Wotton* and the *Earl of Orrery*, might have shed ink till this time, and never would the superiority of the ancients respecting a knowledge of the properties and right use of the OYSTER have been established to the satisfaction of

GEORGE WATSON,

at the WHITE HOUSE, where the POST OFFICE was lately kept, and where he will always be glad to see his friends.

I am clearly for the superiority of the moderns...What are the facts? So superstitious and ignorant were the ancient Greeks and Romans, that they believed oysters to grow fat with the two first quarters of the moon, and become lean with the waning. *Ostreis et conchyllis omnibus*, says *Aulius Gellius, contigis, ut cum Luna crescat pariter, pariterque decrescat:* so says *Cicero*. *Gellius* quotes *Lucilius Luna alit ostrea*: *Horace* also says *nascentes implent conchylia Luna*. It is true they had some taste respecting the relish of oysters; and knew how to distinguish well. What says *Juvenal* of the nicely discriminating taste of an oyster epicure?

Circeis nata forent, an
Lucrinum ad saxum, *Rutupinove* edita fundo
Ostrea, callebat primo deprehendere morsu:

i. e. he could tell at the *first taste* whether they came from the Caietan rocks, the Bay of Lucrinum in Campania, or from Richborough in Kent county, in England. And *Horace* mentions the great superiority of the Circean oysters.

Maurice Rejano melior Lucrina peloris
Ostrea Circæis Miseno oriuntar echini:

So also *Pliny*: *Circæis* autem ostrea neque dulcioro neque teneriora, esse ulla, &c. In short, it is my opinion, that these Circean oysters very much resemble the oysters at my house called the YORK COVE and QUEEN'S CREEK. They knew as well as we that the best oysters are taken from the *coves*; *optima sunt ostrea*, says Pliny, *si quando* LACUS *adjacet aut fluvius*, by which, says *Casaubon*, we are to understand the *Cove* oysters. But lord what is this to the purpose? It only shews that the ancients had a relish for *raw* oysters. Shew me that they ever cooked them. Where is a treatise in Greek or Latin, on *roasting*, *stewing*, *frying*, and other ways of dressing oysters? Here is a proof of *modern* superiority. They had no *houses set apart* for the particular purpose of regaling the lovers of this delicacy. *Juvenal* to be sure mentions a *bad* lady's eating great oysters at midnight.

*Grandia** quæ medus jam noctibus *ostrea* mordet,

but from the context it may be seen that she *ate* them [or rather *bit* them off, *mordet*.] at *home*. This is another proof of *modern* superiority. In short had G. Watson time to examine the writings of the ancients(much of which he has forgotten since turning his attention to the delightful task of pleasing the palate of a patronising publick) he might prove in almost every way, as it respects the oyster, that the ancients were far, very far inferior to the moderns. One proof more. Did they ever know the union of *Beef Steaks* and oysters? Homer may tell about the *ambrosia and nectar* of his un-epicurean gods and goddesses, but where in the Iliad will you find a syllable relative to beef steak and oysters? It is all folderol; they knew nothing of good living.

Who first discovered the good qualities of the oyster, and brought into general use, the first of shell fish; in comparison of which Crabs, Lobsters, Craw fish and Clams, "hide their diminished heads?" Did I know the name of such "benefactor of the human race," I would build him a *monumentum ære perennius* made of gold and cemented with oyster lime.

For *nourishment* what equals the oyster! What says "*Willich* on Diet and Regimen," a work that should be in every family? "Oysters are easily digested, they may be eaten with great advantage by the robust as well as the weak and consumptive: they possess more *nutritive ani-*

* Not unlike the New York Blue-Pointers.

mal jelly than almost any other? Though G. Watson's reading is not so extensive as that of those who have read more than he has, yet he must acknowledge that neither in Galen, nor in Hippocrates, in Cullen nor Boerhave, has he ever found half a syllable against the wholesomeness of this sovereign of bivalved crustaceous aquatics: this animal that lives in a house not made with hands, with but one door, for cheapness flavour and sulubrity.

Bears like the Turk, no shell fish near his throne.

Come then to the Oyster Restorateur, where shall be wanting neither WINES, *red and white*, *rosy faced* BRANDY, *pure unspotted* GIN, *good old* JAMAICA, *foaming* PORTER, *sparkling* CYDER, nor *invigorating* BEER.

Cato the censor (and where find we a more rigid moralist?) was wont to say, as Plutarch informs us, that a few glasses of wine assisted the discussion of philosophical subjects. Sir John Hawkins says of another rigid moralist, Doctor Johnson, that he seldom more enjoyed himself than at a well ordered public house, with his literary companions. It is the abuse, not the use, that injures health, wealth and reputation. Oh consider the dreadful ravages of intemperance:

This ugly monster.
'Tis strange he hides him in *fresh cups*, soft beds,
Sweet words; yet hath more ministers than those
Who draw their swords in war.

G. Watson hopes that no one will suffer his *glass* to *wear the breeches*; nor ever to permit his cheek to be crimsoned beyond the temperate hue of Hygeia's rose.—Thou destroying angel intemperance; the sword and the plague bring but their hundreds, whilst thou bringest thy thousands to the court of death. What Virgil says of the bees may be applied to intemperence.

Tristi languebunt corpora morbo
Quod jam non dubiis poteris cognescere signis:
Continua est ægris alius color: tum horrida vultum
Deformat macies: tum corpora luce carentum
Exportant tectis, et *tristia funera* ducunt.

But let me draw towards a close by observing, that I am a great lover of *peace of mind*, and have a great *affection* for all my fellow creatures; I hence strive to prevent any injury to my feelings, or the feelings of others: there is nothing that touches G. Watson's nice sensibility so quick as a neglect on the part of his kind customers, to settle all arrears, before leaving his house. With all his benevolence towards his friends, he must say, that he expects a *reciprocation of favours*; this *indispensible* return is PECUNIARY and IMMEDIATE.

With a deep sense of gratitude for past favours and with a high hope of receiving more, I remain the public's most obedient, most obliged and most humble servant.

GEORGE WATSON.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Advice to Gentlemen in love*," is so very necessary an article, that we are very happy in having it in our power to serve up an ample dish of it in our next week's collation. We would be sorry to hear of any Patient dying, for want of more substantial food than *Love*, during the ensuing week; but if it should unfortunately so fall out, we will not be to blame, as Doctor P. W's valuable prescriptions (which we consider no quack medicine) came to hand too late for this number. The favours of this new correspondent will be always duly honoured.

CLARA's beautiful poem, with which we had intended to grace the poetic department this week, is necessarily retained for our next. We would not wish to appear insensible of the friendship and assistance of this fanciful poetess—who, amid the gay crowd of idlers that infest the city, so happily courts the muses.

A complaint has reached us, through the politeness of a friend of the writer, that some verses were forwarded, which have not been noticed by us. We never received the letter alluded to.

SIDNEY's occasional assistance, were we permitted to intrude on the retirement of an elegant friend to Literature, would be very grateful to us. We have long hoped to receive proportionate contributions from gentlemen of leisure and erudition in other quarters, as well as in the capital; for well we know that many a polished votary to science have their abode in the peaceful groves of the interior.

"*A Lover*" will find his piece, beginning with

Exempt from art, and base deceit,
Maria once I thought complete—

in the Ladies Monthly Magazine for Feb. 1803, printed on *much better paper than ours*.

HOT SPUR is very unlike his gallant namesake of Britain. We know not any good purpose possibly to be effected, by this kind of declamation. There are sufficient numbers of *Pullers-down* in the world, who never think of rebuilding, or of substituting any thing but immorality and confusion, in the place of such systems, civil or theological, as their confirmed impudence urge them to quarrel with.

"*Common Sense*" No. 2. will appear in our next.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE MAID UNKNOWN.

Some courteous spirit kindly say,
  Where hides this unknown fair?
O! point me out the blissful way,
  And guide my footsteps there!

For long within my throbbing breast,
  This lovely fair unknown
Has reign'd, the choicest, sweetest guest,
  And held my heart alone.

Now o'er the yellow mead I rove,
  Now down the lonely dale;
Her image haunts me in the grove,
  Nor leaves me in the vale:

Strange whisper'd music now I hear,
  And starting at the sound;
I think my angel beauty near,
  And vainly gaze around.

Unseen the tender lutes complain,
  While passing Zephyr sighs;
Now fainter grows the warbling strain,
  Now, lost in distance, dies.

Ye Elfin tribe who ride the air,
  Again your songs repeat;
And if you know my heavenly fair,
  O! whisper her retreat!

All other cares I'll strait forego,
  And to my charmer fly;
'Tis she can heal my bosom's woe,
  Or bid the lover die!---

LEANDER.

RONDEAU,

ADDRESSED TO Miss H. S. OF BACK RIVER.

Enchanting Maid, thy laughing eye,
And dimpled cheek of roseate dye,
Have touch'd my heart; for thee I sigh,
  Enchanting Maid.

That eye, that cheek, still let me see,
With gentlest greetings deck'd for me,
And hope for happiness and thee,
  Enchanting Maid.

QUID AGAM?

Mr. Easy,

If you think the following lines worthy a place in the Companion; by publishing them you will oblige more than me. They were read by me some time since---where I do not remember.

EMILY.

TO ZEMMA.

Life of my life, thy charming smile,
With rapture fires this throbbing breast;
For thee through day I'd bear each toil,
  And watch at night to guard thy rest.

Fearless O seek my calm retreat,
  I'll deck each grot, each bower for thee;
Until this heart shall cease to beat,
  Thou shalt be all the world to me.

The winter drear, with howling storm,
  Drives from each plain the vernal bloom:
Thy charming look---thy angel form,
  Shall make a spring midst winter gloom.

But should the storms of life arise,
  My soul shall never know despair;
I'll look for comfort in thine eyes,
  And in thy arms forget all care.

My life, my Zemma, when thou'rt near,
  What transports in my bosom roll---
Thy name, thy gentle voice to hear,
  Is music to the shepherd's soul.

How quickly throbs my anxious heart,
  My life, my Zemma, when thou'rt near;
But forc'd, dear maid, from thee to part,
  Would burst my heart with deep despair.

Mr. Easy,

Should you think the following Hint *will tend towards the reduction of* whiskers, *or keeping them* clean; *I will thank you to insert it in your useful and instructive Companion.*

Joe has whiskers thick and long,
  That cover cheeks and throat;
They're of a monstrous growth and strong:---
  Not more can boast a *goat!*

'Twas t'other day I ask'd the use,
  Of such a bunch of hair?
Its keeps, quoth Joe, you silly goose,
  My chaps from wint'ry air.

Just as he spoke, by chance I saw,
  An animal alert,
Creeping beneath his nether jaw,
  Much like a speck of dirt.

If for *such* purpose then, I said,
  You keep this grisly mop,
You ought to *comb* it as your head,
  Or make your chin a *crop*.

OMEGA.

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